

DEPARTED HOURS.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

Departed hours! departed hours!
"Tis pleasant, now and then,
From the dim shadows of the past
Once more to summon them:
To link the close bound ties
The hand of Time hath riven,
To call our lost ones back from earth,
Our loved ones down from heaven.

'Tis sweet to muse, at eve's still hour,
Upon the look and tone
Of those whose early summons heave
Left us so sadly lone:
To see, as shades are gathering round,
The sunlight of the eyes
Whose last glance spoke the pure, deep love
That never, never dies.

Departed hours! departed hours,
Round me your memories cling,
As time around some ruined shrine
The early bells of spring:
The fragrance of faded flowers;
O, there is bliss untold, in dreams
Of life's departed hours.

Duxbury, April, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

DANVILLE DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

Br. Stevens, I have perused, with wonder and perfect astonishment, the remarkable article from Br. Williams, in the Herald of the 14th inst. As that article is almost entirely personal, it must devolve on me to reply to it; for most certainly, I cannot suffer such a representation of the Danville District Preachers' Meeting to go uncorrected. But before entering upon a reply to Br. Williams' strange article, I wish to show the cause which called the preachers together at Lyndon. A meeting of preachers was called by Br. Willitt, at Newbury, Feb. 24, purporting to be a meeting of preachers from every part of the Conference, to consider measures of importance, in connection, especially, with the interests of the Seminary. This meeting of preachers was held in connection with a meeting of the trustees, so the trustees could be instructed into these important measures, without having any thing published to the world, or known, even, to the members of Conference, who were not at the meeting, until the whole should go into operation. And the first our Conference would know, would be, that their Seminary was not only a "Biblical Institute," but a full grown college, with a President, Professors, lecturers, endowment, and all. Five trustees attended the meeting, one of whom was a Conference teacher; and six Conference preachers, beside myself, attended the preachers' meeting; two or three preachers were present, who were not members of our Conference. Of course, they could not do Conference business.

Four members of Conference, besides the trustees, voted for the adoption of the plan proposed by Br. Willitt. One preacher voted against the plan, and two voted not at all. Br. Willitt's plan will be understood by reading the following report of their Secretary:

The following is the substance of the resolutions passed at a preachers' meeting, called by Br. Willitt, Feb. 24, 1847:—

Resolved, That we instruct the trustees of Newbury Seminary to open a "Biblical Department" in the Seminary, in which the Hebrew language shall be taught.

Resolved, That we instruct the trustees to appoint a President for Newbury Seminary, who shall have the general oversight of the whole concern, both Biblical and scientific.

Resolved, That we instruct the trustees to raise an endowment of \$10,000, for a contingent fund for said Seminary.

Resolved, That we instruct the trustees to open a Teachers' department in Newbury Seminary.

Resolved, That the trustees be instructed to appoint a Financial Secretary for Newbury Seminary.

DAVID PACKER, Sec.

St. Johnsbury Centre, April 19.

Immediately after the adjournment of this "meeting of preachers from every part of the Conference," several preachers upon Danville District held a consultation, and were unanimous in the opinion, that if the trustees attempted to carry out the plan recommended by Br. Willitt, our Seminary would be ruined. And to prevent ruin to our Seminary, it was deemed advisable to have a District Preachers' Meeting called immediately, and review these strange proceedings. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to consult the Presiding Elder, and if he was willing, to call a meeting to be called. In behalf of that committee, I called on the Presiding Elder. I told him the wishes of the brethren, to have a "District Preachers' Meeting;" but at the same time, stated that we did not wish such a meeting, without his consent. He told me he had no objection to such a meeting being called, but that he could attend himself. He should be glad to see the preachers together in reference to the Seminary debt. He seemed to have the idea, at first, that if we held such a meeting, it might not be best to review the proceedings of the Newbury meeting, but finally said, discussion upon that subject might do good, and he would see Br. Willitt, and have him bring his document for the meeting. The only reason which he seemed to me for not having it called in his own name, was this:—He had an engagement to meet the other Presiding Elders on the "very day" we wished to have our meeting called, and said, "It would not look well to call the meeting in my own name, unless I was certain of being there for that purpose." Indeed, all the preachers that spoke on the subject, entirely disclaimed any thing of the kind. Is it, then, representation, or misrepresentation, for him to insinuate these things against that meeting? The natural tendency of his article is to prejudice the Conference against us. There is no argument, but threats at which, which will be understood to refer to all who composed that meeting; by all who are personally knowing to the circumstances.

7. He intimates that the Vermont Conference has not taken its "position" upon this question. There was one argument in the hands of those who favored a local Institute, which was employed with effect, though the whole debate upon this subject, until the last evening of the Conference. It was this:—"We have a Biblical Institute already in existence—in our own bounds. We are morally bound to sustain that in preference to any other." But during the evening session, Br. Williams offered a resolution—"Instructing the Trustees of the Newbury Biblical Institute, to stop its operations, and settle up its concerns." When that resolution was passed, the last argument in

2. In the next place, Br. Williams accuses me of knowingly misrepresenting the proceedings of the meeting. Now, what are the particulars by which our Presiding Elder sustains this charge of immorality, against me. (1.) Why, I called it a "District Preachers' Meeting." And why not call it so? A majority of the preachers were present belonging to his District—sixteen preachers, travelling and local, all of whom, apparently, felt the deepest interest in the meeting. There was such eager attention, that I never supposed a single "spectator" was there, not even among our local brethren. Sixteen preachers are more than we usually have at our district meetings, and Br. W. cannot deny it. (2.) But in the second place, I stated that S. P. Williams was appointed President. This is true, and he did not resign the office; no other President was appointed during the meeting. But he says, "I never officiated as President." What was it but an official act, to request the Vice President to occupy the chair, and then take an active part in the debates, and business of the meeting through the whole session? But my report only stated the fact that he was appointed, and he, not I, published to the world that he refused to preside at a meeting called by him.

3. He intimates that I did not inform the public that there was a "perfect unanimity" among those assembled. True, there was not a dissenting voice, save that of the Rev. Presiding Elder, and he states that he had no objection to the two first resolutions, which were the principal resolutions in the report, and the ones upon which our whole proceedings depended. He made a motion, while the second resolution was under discussion, "To postpone indefinitely the whole matter." This motion was discussed by S. P. Williams, H. J. Wooley, S. Chamberlain, R. Bedford, J. S. Loveland, David Packer, and P. N. Granger, and without taking the vote, Br. Williams arose and said, "I see such unanimity in the meeting in favor of proceeding with the business before us, that I will not further object, and therefore I withdraw my motion." He evidently said that his motion to suspend discussion was too late. It should have been offered at the Newbury meeting, and he also probably saw that a man who believes in the freedom of the press, should not deny his brethren the liberty of speech. Why, then, should I report to the world that one man dissented from the views of the rest, and asserted his dignity by "protesting" against our proceeding in business; especially when he voluntarily withdrew his motion, and told us, in his clemency, we might proceed. (4.) Again, "Br. M. knows I never called that meeting," &c. I do not see, and cannot, for the life of me, see what bearing these points have upon the matter; for they were not published, or alluded to in my report. I have answered these insinuations in the first part of this article, and need not repeat the answer. I can but say, that before we would charge a minister with immorality, upon such ground, I would prefer to remain, all my days, where the "Presiding Elder of the north" describes himself, in the "Christian Messenger" to be—"In the narrow," getting my sleigh "across the strings."

But the matter is too serious to pass in this manner, and I demand of Br. Williams immediate retraction. He charges me with "known misrepresentation," and if he believes his own charge he ought to arraign me at once; but he does not believe it, and he ought publicly to recant, and confess the injury he has done me in publishing that article in the Herald. This I request him immediately to do. I make this request not only in my own behalf, but in behalf of my brethren, for Br. Williams really involves us all in the same implication. That meeting voted to publish those resolutions, just as they were published, and so sixteen preachers are involved in the crime of "known misrepresentation." Verily, brethren, our Presiding Elder has got us all into a "tight fit," if not in the "narrow."

3. Br. Williams represents that meeting as being small. He says, "At that meeting, ten members of Conference, and one on probation, were present, beside myself, and several local preachers, who were mostly spectators." Why did he not state it as it was? There were twelve on probation, and in all, travelling and local, sixteen; besides one who is preparing for the ministry, making, in all, seventeen. "Who would dream" that we had such a full meeting, by reading his article. "Just look it over again." But I will not accuse him of "misrepresentation," so let it pass.

4. Again, he says, "he saw, or thought he saw, that if these resolutions were adopted as they stood, they would create feelings the most unpleasant, and produce an excitement." &c. It seems to have had that effect upon him; or we should have concluded so, if he had not, at the close of his article, disclosed the true secret of the matter, by referring to the "scenes of the last Conference." Is this honorable? After a brother on the Conference floor makes an apology, which Br. Williams then stated was "perfectly satisfactory," for him now to drag it out before the world, is not, I suppose, "known misrepresentation," but does it look gentlemanly? Is it forgiving as we pray to be forgiven?

5. Why does Br. Williams call the General Biblical Institute, by the name of the "Concord Biblical Institute?" as though it were a mere local thing. Is his head so full of local concerns that he cannot grasp the notion of a General Institute?

6. Br. W. also intimates that the preachers at that meeting threw out threats, and proposed "coercive" measures "from minority organizations," &c. He introduced this subject at the meeting, and referred to a conversation he had with me the day before the meeting was held, at which time I told him, if he, and the few others that were engaged with him, should succeed, by maneuvering, to get the Conference to recede from its noble position, at the close of its last session, in favor of a General Institute, that those of us who had subscribed funds in aid of such an Institute should pay them to, and sustain the General Institute, though we might be in the minority. But he knows that I told him at the meeting, that I did not intend to form any organization for that purpose. Indeed, all the preachers that spoke on the subject, entirely disclaimed any thing of the kind. Is it, then, representation, or misrepresentation, for him to insinuate these things against that meeting? The natural tendency of his article is to prejudice the Conference against us. There is no argument, but threats at which, which will be understood to refer to all who composed that meeting; by all who are personally knowing to the circumstances.

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favor of a local Institute passed away with it. "Our minds, that night, were in state of transition." Coming together next morning, for our closing session, the Conference, calmly, dispassionately, and, I think, unanimously, passed, in substance, the following resolution:

"Resolved, That five members of this Conference be appointed to associate with an equal number from each of the other New England Conferences, to be incorporated into a Board of Trustees for a General Biblical Institute." S. Chamberlain, S. P. Williams, J. Currier, C. R. Harding, and P. Mason were appointed.

Did not the V. Conference take its "position" when it passed this resolution? And was not that position in favor of a General Institute? And can we consistently recede from this noble "position?" Should we appear consistent in the eyes of the church or the world, to recede? Can we surrender a noble-hearted benevolence, that looks at the Methodist Episcopal Church as one, the world over, for that selfishness which confines us within the limits of our own little Conference? What would that generous-hearted man, in South America, who sent us \$1,000 for our Institute, say to the "To all within the Conference?"

"Agents must not circulate among us, and raise funds for an Institute located without our bounds." Is this advice given by the son of that man who said emphatically, "The world is my parish?" It is given by the man who went through New England, three years ago, to gain the co-operation of all the Conferences, in behalf of a Biblical Institute, pledging them, at the same time, an equal voice in its location? Is it from the man who offered the resolution at our last Conference, to settle up the local Institute, and received the appointment of Trustee for the general one? In fine, is it from the man, who, at our Danville District Preachers' Meeting, commended so highly the location of the General Institute, and publishes to the world "That he had nothing against the two first resolutions, one of which, pledges the General Institute our cordial support?"

If our people are in need of such "advice," I think it would come with better grace from some other source. But suppose our Conference has not taken its "position," have we not a right to persuade the Conference to take a right position? O, no, says our Presiding Elder. But why? I suppose all who "own" so much as a "little garden spot" at Newbury, will say, leave all the ground to us. Let us circulate lengthy articles in favor of our "dear local thing," call meetings, and turn men out of door who differ from us, but you must hold still, because, forsooth, "our craft is in danger." And more than that, we are determined that our friend here at Newbury, shall be accommodated with a professorship for life, if it is only in "Sacred Geography."

Yours for the peace and prosperity of the whole Church,
WM. M. MANN, Sec.
Dan. Dis. Pr. Meeting.
Danville, Vt., April 22, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

TO WEALTHY CHRISTIANS.

My Dear Brethren,—We are fast sliding down to the tomb. Many of you are personal friends. I have often been in your families, at your altars of prayer, and in meekness have preached the Gospel to you. I know you are deeply devoted to the Savior, to the church, to the salvation of the world. I have confidence in you, that you are studying to do right in all things. Strive then to take clear and intelligent views of duty, as you linger here on the borders of time a little longer. Consider as eternally, for what purpose the providence of God has made you the steward of so much wealth, for you, who are not infidels, believe in the providence of God, which secures to us all of our blessings. Has it occurred to you, that your property makes you responsible for a vast amount of good and evil which will come of it, ages after you are dead? Now you are doing liberally to support the gospel at home, and send it abroad, in which God approves and blesses you. Such is your estimate and love of religion, that you desire, when you go to dwell with Christ, to leave behind you an influence powerful and lasting as time to save souls. Noble desire!—God help you to execute it, without fail! Now, then, mark out your plan. Do not deceive yourselves. You may wish to leave your property to your relatives. Such of them as are entirely dependent upon you, should be remembered by you, and some testimony of affection to those not absolutely helpless may not be wrong, if they love to support the religion which saves you. But in most cases your friends do not need it. Yes, suppose one-fourth of what you possess. Yes, suppose I fear you will—yes, you endow them; what will be the result? Probably, this: your children, now so industrious and virtuous through your good influence, will become, by your endowments, idle, extravagant and wicked, and the awful end will be their destruction, soul and body! Is such a result improbable? Do you not see it every day in others, and that your children but human beings, that they should escape? Let them be thrown upon their own resources, as the greatest if not the only protection of their industry, virtue, and ultimate wealth.

Do you ask what you shall do with your funds? Give them back to God, who gave them, in the support of religious institutions, which will glorify his name, and in meekness have preached the Gospel abroad. First, think of our "BIBLICAL INSTITUTE," just established in New England, to complete which many that are poor have divided their last funds. Now you who are rich must help liberally to endow it, or the Methodist Episcopal Church of these United States, will gain the reputation of being too ignorant and covetous to support one small school for her rising and numerous ministry.

Second. When planning to dispose of your money, forget not our missionary society. The gospel of Christ preached to you by Methodist ministers, saved your souls. Their manner of preaching Christ is as well adapted to save the heathen as to save you. Hundreds of our ministers are waiting for funds to carry them to the ends of the earth, to save such as perish for lack of knowledge. Other denominations and the American Bible Society are annually receiving numerous and heavy donations by which they are doing wonders in the world's redemption. Are rich Methodists less pious or less liberal than others? Perish the thought!

Other worthy objects might be named, but I hope you will go to God in prayer with this matter. Consult freely with your pastor, act for eternity, and see to it that you leave not your substance to be spent in a year upon Christ and his gospel, rather than for his extension. You may die suddenly, and leaving no will, the law divides your property, not in view of heavenly knowledge, but earthly. Do not render yourselves liable to the service of sin and hell; but now, while health, reason, the spirit of God, the counsel of disinterested friends, unite to arrest you, "set thy house in order."

Let us hear from you through the HERALD—either with or without your proper names—that others, seeing your good works, may be led to glorify God, in like manner. A BROTHER.
Near the Grave, April 29, 1847.

FINANCIAL CIRCULAR.

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE M. E. CHURCH IN THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

Dear Brethren,—We will add a few other remarks on the tendency of the state of things induced by our financial deficiencies.

3. It directly tends to prostrate the health of your ministers. How shall we account for the appalling fact, that about one-sixth of the ministers of this Conference are on the superannuated list,—in fact, and in form superannuated? And quite a large number of others, who, in consequence of physical prostration, are in fact superannuated, though in form, they are still effective; and these to the others, and the proportion of really superannuated men is truly alarming! This state of things is not accounted for by the severity of our climate, for our neighbors, the Wesleyan Missionaries, in the British Provinces, are men of sound and vigorous health, while their winters are more severe than ours. The cutting up of our work has, undoubtedly, had its full effect in bringing about this result; as we might easily show by reference to facts; but it is not partially accounted for by the operation of the wasting cares and consuming solicitude induced by the pecuniary embarrassments into which your ministers are thrown by their constant deficiencies? Excessive care is much more destructive to health than excessive labor; but when both are united they speedily undermine the strongest constitution. The ordinary cares and labors of the work of the ministry are enough to task sufficiently the most able-bodied and vigorous man.

"Tis not a cause of small import,

The pastor's care demands;

But what might fill an angel's heart,

And filled a Savior's hands."

M. HILL,
Gardiner, Me., April 21.

S. ALLEN.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE YOUNG PIONEER.

It was mid-winter—the first, I think, that the nineteenth century ever saw. The face of nature's earth, the delightful, though temporary residence of man, had exchanged her carpet of lovely green, for the purest white. The snow lay deep upon the ground. All the trees, but the pine, the fir, the spruce, and the hemlock, with their kindred species, had cast off their summer habiliments, and the sap, the invigorating principle of health, of growth, and of strength, had retired for a season, from before the chilling winds of winter, to return with more vigorous influences, to expand, and to adorn their branches, by a reproduction of their beautiful foliage. The meandering streams, that murmured all around, were incarcerated beneath an icy surface, and the cold—before whose power who can stand?—had extended its frosty grip every where. Both man and beast, things animate and inanimate, felt the effects of its irresistible power and unyielding grasp.

It was at this inclement season, that a tall, slender young man, whose pale countenance but too plainly told to every one the imbecility of his constitution, far from home and friends, was seen wending his way through the intense cold, and contending with repulsive drifts of snow, from a somewhat dense population to a more recent settlement, bearing a high commission from the King of Kings, to cast back the wandering sons of the forest to duty, to happiness, and to God.

On the eve of weekly time, that Providence, that controls the elements, and guides and protects the erring steps of man, directed his course to an asylum for the night, from the piercing chills of boreas, with a kind family, who were not forgetful to entertain strangers, especially such as were sent by Heaven on errands of mercy to the churches, and heralds of salvation to a lost and ruined world. Here he met with a most cordial reception. But his stay was short. It was hospitality shown to an itinerant preacher, who took lodgings for the night, but was gone in the morning. His course was constantly onward and upward.

Being still some distance from his work and destination on the Sabbath, he awoke early from broken slumbers, and rose to enjoy fresh mercies, and to engage anew in the duties and arduous toils of another Christian Sabbath. It was a delightful morning for the season. The weather had now become more mild and pleasant, though ominous of a storm near at hand.

After prayer and breakfast, he was soon on his way, urging forward his sturdy and spirited steed, to the centre of the settlement, the place of meeting for the day. Being rather late in his arrival, the people had been waiting, in anticipation of hearing the word of life from a Methodist preacher whom they knew not. His name, even, they never heard pronounced.

After singing praise to God, and reading out of his little Bible, his daily and constant sword of offence and defence, and after having bowed down in prayer before Him whose presence filled heaven and earth, while every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear was prepared to listen to the voice of the stranger, he stood up before them, and read, as his text,—"For, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The occasion was novel, and deeply impressive.

The youthful appearance of the preacher, his sectarian name, the doctrine he proclaimed, and the extemporaneous manner of his address, but, above all, the unction that attended the word, produced a most solemn effect on the minds of his hearers, many of them having been taught, from their youth up, the sentiments of the prevailing theology of New England. When they came to hear the universality of the atonement, plenitude of the gospel, and the impartiality and the extent of the promises, and that whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely, many faces brightened up with a smile, and a murmur of satisfaction seemed to pervade the entire audience, excepting a few who said, "We do not know what this new doctrine is, taught by this young minister. They will hold fast to the system of Calvinistic partiality, maintaining that Christ died for the elect only."

After a short recess, with great freedom of mind he again spoke to the people. The presence of God made a powerful impression on the audience. Many wept. To the preacher it was a season of much solicitude and weighty responsibility. It was likewise a day of great comfort and spiritual encouragement to his soul. He began to think the wilderness would soon bud and blossom as the rose, and streams of salvation break out in the desert. It was a day, to both preacher and people, not soon to be forgotten.—He felt now, more than ever, to give himself to the entire ministry, and his whole soul to God.

After the close of the delightful services, a friendly looking man, perhaps the most able in the place, took him by the hand, and invited him to his house, to pass the night. He being a poor way-faring man, not knowing where he would eat his next meal, and having no where to lay his head, and having neither purse nor scrip, the invitation was gratefully and unhesitatingly accepted.

The interesting family received him with unaffected cordiality, and soon gave the best assurance of his most hearty welcome to all the hospitalities the house could afford him. A variety of circumstances precluding the privilege of any further meeting, the evening was improved in general conversation on the subject of religion; its importance and utility were recommended to each one in particular. And after having in prayer commended the serious family, the church, and the world, to the great preserver of man, he retired to rest for the night. And having a good conscience, and being at peace with God and all men, he soon fell asleep, and reposed undisturbed until the return of morning light. But when the morning came, there came along with it a severe storm of wind and snow from the north-east.

His appointment for the next evening was at the end of a short winter day's journey. His course was through an almost unbroken wilderness. An attempt to reach his appointment in such a storm, was attended not only with suffering, but with apparent danger. He hesitated—he looked out of the window—it stormed terribly—he turned away. He looked again—it raged with unabating fury. At this moment it was reiterated by all the family, "Do stay with us, sir, until the storm is past. It is a dangerous undertaking."

"But go I must, or the people will be disappointed," was his reply.

Having thus decided, his horse being ready, he took such one way the hand, to bid them good bye. He thanked the parents for their kindness and hoped God would reward them. He left his good wishes with the children, but they replied nothing. But a tender pressure of the hand, was more expressive than language itself. He then said farewell. They wept. In a moment he was at the door; he mounted his horse, reined him to the storm, and in a few minutes was out of their sight, and they saw his face no more.

ELIAD.

DR. A. CLARKE, AND UNIVERSALISM.

Dear Br. Stevens,—Many of the Universalists, not to say all, would fain have us believe that Dr. A. Clarke was a Universalist in belief, though not in profession. The Savior and his apostles have also been pressed into the same "belief." The Doctor, then, is "not above his Lord." It is enough for him "to be even as his Lord." The Doctor was not a Universalist, his commentary is a standing proof. But the subjoined letter from him, found in his Life, (in one vol., p. 693.) and written near the close of his mortal career, gives his views of said doctrine, in "plain English." Will you give the letter a place in the Herald, and let the Doctor once more speak for himself. Does he not believe that Universalism is directly from the devil? Hear him. W.

Eastport, Me., March 30th.

"Dear Mrs. Wilkinson,—That your friend is gone safe, you have no reason to doubt; he who takes Christ in his heart out of time into the eternal rest, is sure to meet Christ there!"

"In the various places in my comment wherever I found a scripture that had been twisted by the Universal RESTITUTIONISTS, I took it out of their hands, and freed it from this abuse; to these observations I need not add any thing else; a more untenable and destructive tenet has never been promulgated under the sacred name of religion. Were I seriously to attribute two tenets to the great deceiver, it would be these:—1st. THERE IS NO DEVIL. 2dly. THE NEVER DYING WORM WILL DIE, AND THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE WILL BE QUENCHED. By the first, all circumstances, watchfulness, &c., are precluded; for why watch against an enemy which does not exist? And by the second, all fear of punishment is taken away, and with it the justice of God, the sinfulness of sin, and the atonement of Jesus Christ; for if the fire of hell be only emendatory, the very idea of punishment is destroyed; and as the sacrificial offering for sin, it is totally unnecessary, because this is proposed to be done by the infernal flames! But, O, what an awful risk does man run, in reference to his immortal soul, who trusts to a doctrine supported by a puny, ill-defended, and baseless criticism, in matters which concern his eternal salvation or perdition; but the other opinion is already registered, and will not be refuted while the pillars of the everlasting hills endure. As I cannot go into arguments on the subject, at present, I can recommend to your friend a tract, written by the Rev. Daniel Isaac, which, I believe, will afford complete satisfaction.

"With love to all your family, and prayers for the eternal welfare of the whole,
Yours affectionately, ADAM CLARKE."

THE CAFFRE GIRL.

The Caffres sell their daughters in marriage. Through this custom many young converts are torn by their parents from their Christian teachers, and every threat are used to induce them to abandon their religion, and to join again in the abominable dances and disgusting practices which they had cast off. One evening at Port Elizabeth, after the prayer meeting, Mr. Passmore, the missionary, was told that a Caffre woman had come to take her away, and that the poor girl was wishing very much to see him. He went to her directly and said, "where are you going, Umata?" "My mother is going to take me to Caffreland." She was sobbing as though her heart would break. "Why do you cry, Umata?" Her tears would let her answer. Because, teacher, my mother is going to take me away. When I came here, I was like the other girls, I knew nothing, I loved dancing. But you have taught me that I am a sinner, and may be saved. And now I am going where I shall not hear these again. In a burst of agony she added, "but I will come back, teacher; for as soon as I age, I will run all the way back again."

Poor Umata could not even take a book with her, for if her mother saw one she would burn it. It was a sad, bitter parting to the African girl. Her school-fellows pitied her, and stood weeping by, an old man, a converted African, who took much interest in her, stood full of deep sorrow.

The missionary's heart was stricken with grief. But all they could do was to pray that God might keep her by his power, and not suffer her to be led into the snares of the wicked one. She left them next morning, and we have not heard that she has yet returned.

Many are brought to their destruction by their security. Earth is embittered to us that heaven may be endeared. By abusing our privileges, we forfeit them.

Summary of Intelligence.

LATER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

New York, Friday evening, April 30.

We have by the southern mail and important intelligence.

Steamship Massachusetts has arrived at New Orleans,

from Vera Cruz, April 14. An express had come in from Gen.

Twigg, confirming the report that Santa Anna had entrenched

himself at Cerro Gordo, seven miles beyond Jalapa, and had

15,000 troops. Lieut. Col. Johnson was severely wounded

in reconnoitering the enemy, and it was said a skirmish had

taken place between the Mexicans and the advance guard of

Twigg. Several of our stragglers had been killed. The

brigades of Gen. Worth, Patterson, Shields, Pillow and

Quitman were on the road, advancing to the scene of conflict.

General Twigg had about 2700 men, and Santa Anna,

who was supposed to have 60 pieces of artillery, would hold

him in check till Gen. Scott came up. He was making rapid

march, and, as before suggested, the battle probably took

place on the 14th. Mr. Kendall, of the *Pittsburgh*, however,

writes that intelligent persons in Mexico are of opinion that

Santa Anna would not fight; he had four members of the national

council with him—what for, except to negotiate?

Gen. Patterson had recently recovered from his illness, and

the only disease at Vera Cruz was the dysentery, which

many were more or less afflicted.

At Tuxtepec, there had been a fight between the officers and

citizens, and a detachment from the blockading squadron had

left for that place, under the Commodore. Gen. Scott had issued

a proclamation exhorting upon the Mexicans to remain at home,

and promising them protection.

FROM MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from the city of Mexico tells us we

are, given in the *Havana Diario de la Marina* of the 9th

inst. from which we translate the following:—

On the 31st of March was published in Mexico the official

of Vera Cruz. President Santa Anna issued an address to

his countrymen, in which, among other things, he says:—

"Mexicans, Vera Cruz is in the power of the enemy. It has

fallen, not before the valor of the Americans, or the influ-

ence of their good fortune. We ourselves, to our shame be it

said, have brought this fatal disgrace upon our arms, by our in-

ferable dissensions. . . . I am resolved to go and meet

the enemy. . . . Chance may decree that the point of land

which I shall take the capital of the Aztec empire; I shall

not be the last to fall. I shall not lay down my life in the

struggle. . . . Yet the nation shall not perish; I swear

that Mexico shall triumph, if my wishes are seconded by a sin-

cere and unanimous effort. A thousand times fortunate for us

will prove the disaster of Vera Cruz, if the fall of that city

shall awaken in the breasts of the Mexicans the enthusiasm,

the dignity, and generous ardor of a true patriot. It is

undoubtedly proper to provide for the future. We must

be prepared to meet the enemy. . . . On the 27th of March were already assembled some troops

at the National Bridge, under the command of General La

Vega and of the Governor of the state, Don Juan de Soto.

Between the 27th and the 30th, two brigades of infantry and

one of cavalry marched from the capital in the direction of the

bridge, with their corresponding batteries, amounting in all to

2000 men.

On the 1st of April, General Santa Anna in person went

out to Mexico, with 2000 men, to direct the military opera-

tions in the state of Vera Cruz, resolved, as he says, to dispute

the ground, inch by inch, and die before he will consent to

peace, his own words, as we find them both in letters and in

printed documents. Enrollment of troops is going on at various

points.

The army of the North has returned to San Luis Potosi,

where it remained, at the date of the latest advices.

No Prospect of Peace with Mexico.—The prospect

of peace is fading away. Gomez Farias was, as some think,

united with Scott in a war upon the clergy and Santa Anna,

becoming for the time being, an ally of the United States.

Santa Anna, on the other hand, has, undoubtedly, the assurance

of some funds from the clergy, and may calculate on the

adhesion of the army, and may even before long, conciliate a

large portion of the party of Gomez Farias—opposed to the

clergy. The resistance by Santa Anna will still be persever-

ing, if not formidable.

Scott and Taylor cannot march to the Capital till they are

reinforced. Meanwhile Santa Anna will be prepared to re-

new and continue the struggle. But suppose we occupy the

capital—what then? It will not necessarily give us peace.

[Cor. Jour. Com.]

California Matters.—The official despatches of

Commodore Stockton, published in the Washington Union,

do not add anything material in relation to carrying pas-

sengers, the having greatly exceeded the number heretofore

entitled her to carry, during a recent voyage from a British

port to New York. The suit has been instituted at the

instance of the Collector of the latter city. This is the same

vessel that was forfeited and sold in this city for being con-

cerned in the slave trade. . . . The new vessel is also pub-

lishable for forfeiture.

Wheat.—We are assured by a respectable farmer

of Stark County, Ohio, that a very small proportion of the

wheat crop of the past year, in that county, is not disposed of

at all. The surplus of the crop of the present year, has been

raised 10,000 bushels, every bushel of which remains unsold.

Stark county is among the best wheat counties in Ohio. The

re-opening of the great lines of communication between Ohio

and the Eastern or Atlantic states, will cause a vast quantity

of breadstuffs to reach the Eastern markets in a short time.

Distaste Immigrants.—The Baltimore Sun says:—

"The ship *Harmon*, at this port, from Liverpool, brought

200 Irish passengers, most of whom were landed on Thursday.

Many of them were in the most absolute state of destitution,

and were literally starving. We yesterday saw some of them,

women and children, sitting about the Point, who were the

most emaciated creatures we ever saw."

Frail.—There has been much fear that the peaches

had been entirely destroyed by the late cold weather. From

examination we regret to state that it appears that the early

fruit will be almost an entire failure. This will be a great dis-

appointment. [Georgetown Advocate.]

Queen Teaching in Alabama.—A young man named

McQueen Bunting, who was teaching school in Lowndes

county, Alabama, was called upon on the 8th inst., by Mr.

Ivey, who had children attending the school, and who desired

him to open school at 10 o'clock on Sunday. Bunting told him

it was not his business, and ordered him to leave. Ivey drew

a knife and stabbed Bunting, so that he died in a few hours.

United States Mint.—The coinage of the mint and

branch mints for the month of April last, says the Union,

was \$2,616,328, being, as the director states in his accompanying

report of the 16th inst., "the largest that has yet been reported

for any one month." Of this amount, there is in gold \$2,282,

697; silver \$281,630, and in copper \$2,031.

Potatoe Disease.—The Yarmouth (Mass.) Register

states that seed-worms in potato hills, especially pre-

valued the potatoe disease. Also, that pest is believed to pro-

duce the same result. We had a fine field of potatoe last

year, entirely unaffected by the rot, while other lots around us

were more or less affected, and some of them badly.

Sunday Mails.—The only mails now made up at

the Boston Post Office, on Sunday, are the Worcester and

Charlestown. The Worcester mail is to be discontinued after

the 1st of May. The Traveler suggests that if his Charlestown

neighbors would but consent to leave their mail free over

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Br. ADDISON SAUNDERS, son of Br. Stephen Saunders, of Hanover, Me., died April 5, after a short and severe sickness of two weeks, of an inflammation of the spine, aged 38 years. Br. S. met with a change of heart and joined the M. E. Church, about fourteen years since, under the faithful labors of Br. Moses Davis, deceased. Such was the consistency and regularity of his life, that he seemed to cast a pleasing lustre all around. As he lived, so he died, and it may with propriety be said of him, "Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." J. LUTKIN.

Rumford, Me., April 9, 1847.

Mrs. STURAN, wife of Mr. John Emmons, died in Lisbon, Me., April 6, aged 46 years. Sister E. experienced religion seven years since, and connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she has been a consistent member. She was called suddenly to leave her family, but death to her had no sting. She was calm and peaceful, and exhorted her friends to meet her in heaven. CALIA MOORE.

April 10, 1847.

AMOS D. FOYE, a native of Rye, Portsmouth, N. H., died in Boston, April 5th, aged 24 years. He was an active member of the M. E. Church. His death is much lamented by his parents and family. But the all-wise Disposer of all events cannot but do right; but we trust he is taken from this vain world to everlasting happiness, where the wicked "cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Widow JANE ALLEN, formerly of Nova Scotia, died in Provincetown, April 3d, aged 84. Sister A., had been a professor of religion for nearly fifty years, during which time she adorned the doctrine of Christ her Savior. Her death was sudden and unexpected. On retiring at night, she was as well as usual; the next morning the family found her contending with the monster, Death. But the struggle was short. Her prayer was emphatically answered,

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome voice receive."

W. T. HARLOW.

Provincetown, April 6, 1847.

Sister LIBERTY HODGEN, died suddenly in Rochester, N. H., April 1st, aged 52 years. She was a member of the M. E. Church a number of years, and adorned her profession by a well ordered life, and godly conversation. She was beloved in life, lamented in death; yet her friends and relatives mourn not as those without hope.

HENRY DEWE.

Rochester, April 17, 1847.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

REPLY TO DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. XIII.

GENERAL RULE OF THE M. E. CHURCH MUST BE EXECUTED AGAINST ALL SLAVEHOLDING—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

During the last thirty-five years, slavery has swayed the destiny of our nation. It has presided in her councils, instructed her ambassadors, given direction to her navy, and accompanied her armies. Nor has the church escaped the weight of this all-pervading influence. That which ought to have been the opening of prison doors to them which were bound, has been, too often, either struck dumb, or has aided, in various ways, to bar them the closer. This state of things must be altered. In the anti-slavery enterprise, the church can remain no longer idle, and be innocent. The churches of the North must cease any further to countenance this "enormous evil." They should withhold fellowship with those of the South, or of any other country, in which they obey the laws of Christ. Until the law is enforced upon their own communicants the observance of the common, self-evident principles of justice between man and man, the recognition of Christian marriage, the keeping of the holy Sabbath, the privilege of reading God's word, and the right of suit and testimony to all their members, can they maintain the integrity and purity of our common Christianity.

In withholding fellowship, in the present state of affairs, at the North, there can be no necessity of withdrawing from the existing churches, and of forming new organizations. Those of those already formed, are sufficiently anti-slavery in their constitutions, if their own organic laws were only enforced. There is not so much necessity for new rules, as there is for the enforcement of old ones. There is always more expected from new organizations than is really realized. For whenever a community lose its abhorrence of any evil, that evil will find its way among them, in despite of all the organizations in the world; as a judge once said, under such circumstances, in respect to common law, "That he could drive a coach and four through every statute in the kingdom." It is not new constitutions which we need, but the due and faithful observance of those already existing. This may, at least, be said of the M. E. Church, which was "founded on pure aboriginal grounds;" her moral code forbidding "enslaving," without any limitations or restrictions, making even the intention of it a moral offense. It is greatly to be desired, that our extended communities should inform themselves in regard to the basis on which our church was first established, in reference to slavery; whether this evil was to have been excluded only from the Episcopacy, or whether the general rule was intended to drive it wholly out of the ministry and the entire membership. Every day this is becoming more and more a question of thought and inquiry. And almost every year, resolutions are passing around to the Annual Conferences, requiring the General Conference to make some change in the constitution of our church on slavery. But on investigation, I think it will be found that our church is already as much anti-slavery in her constitution, as she can ever be made by writing—that we want a new amended administration, ten-fold more than we do an amended constitution.

When the foundation of our ecclesiastical polity was laid, special and vigorous measures were immediately taken against slavery, and also to estimate the small amount of it which had crept in during the confusion of the Revolutionary war, when the reception of members, and the administration of Discipline, were mostly in the hands of the young and recently converted teachers. For this purpose, the following entire clause was added to Mr. Wesley's original rules:—"The buying or selling the souls and bodies of men, women or children, with an intention to enslave in the moral constitution of our church. In it, there is but one prohibition, that is of 'enslaving,' which is set forth without restriction or limitation. Now, all depends upon the meaning of the words 'to enslave.' This form of the

verb implies, first, either the commencement of an action, or secondly, the continuation of one which is already begun. In which sense did the founders of our church intend the words to be understood? If in the first, that is, to commence the action, then the rule only forbids enslaving the free; and the proper words in this exposition, should have been kidnapping, or the taking of one by capture. To violate the rule in this sense, the church member would have to join a manumitting party in Africa, or by kidnapping the free person, commit a crime for which the civil law would send him to the State Prison for life. And again, there is an absurdity in forbidding to buy and sell a free person; for while he is free, he is incapable of being sold or purchased. To buy or sell him, he must first be reduced to slavery by capture or kidnapping. Now, no one can ever believe the founders of our church ever intended the words 'to enslave,' to be understood in the above sense, that is, in the sense of commencing the action.

If, then, they could not have intended the first meaning of the words, they must have used them in the only remaining sense; that is, to continue the action already begun; or, to prohibit the members of the church from continuing to hold, as slaves, those who were already in that condition. This, most evidently, must have been their meaning. For if the words 'to enslave,' in our general rules, do not refer to the continuing of slavery in the church, they have no meaning which is applicable to any case in this country. Hereditary slavery is a running stream, the bitter waters of which were forbidden, by the above rule, to run into the church, or to flow from it. For our fathers would not have allowed an evil in the church, which they had so lately denounced out of the church; for this would have been claiming a monopoly of wickedness in their own community. If they would not allow a member to hold one as a slave, for whom he had paid an amount of money, they could not have intended that he should hold those as slaves born in his own house, for whom he had paid nothing, and from whom he had had years of labor.

Here, then, we might let our argument rest, having proved, that according to the grammatical constructions of the general rules, they prohibit enslaving of every kind, and under all circumstances, whether by purchase, gift, inheritance, or otherwise. But there are many corroborating proofs. Like the Holy Scriptures, the meaning of the rule in question does not wholly depend on the criticism of points and particles in grammar. There is a great amount of historical, internal, and collateral evidence to substantiate our exposition of the above rule, if you had room in your columns, to have spread it before your readers. At present, we can only name the items.

1. The rule was special—not being in Mr. Wesley's, but made to guard against a new local evil in this country; one with which Methodism, for the first time, came in collision.

2. The true meaning of the rule, is given by the founders of our church in the Minutes, in which they say, "If they [the members of the M. E. Church] buy with no other design than to hold as slaves, and have been previously warned, they shall be expelled immediately."

3. The object of the rule was "extirpation;" not to modify or ameliorate, but at once to tear out of the ground, the very stem and stock of the whole evil, wholly to destroy it, root and branch; all of which was yet to be done.

4. At the organization of our church, non-slaveholding was made a term of membership, within, at least, all that which at this time belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

5. At this time, the Methodist were not merely theoretic, sentimental, but according to the best of southern testimony, "practical abolitionists."

6. And lastly, if Methodism had continued to have extirpated slavery, as it did during the first ten or fifteen years after its organization in this country, in the course of a little less than half a century, it would have swept this great curse from our entire land. This estimate is made on the statistics of emancipation in Maryland, between 1784 and 1800.

But then it is said, that the tenth section of the Discipline, which disallows slaveholding to official members, does, by implication, allow its continuance to private ones. This is at once acknowledged, but then this section is not the constitution of the church. The truth is, this section is unconstitutional, and has often been pronounced so, years before the present excitement. It must be erased from the Discipline, as the one "on the sale of spirituous liquors has already been." Let the book go to the shade, together, and let us forget, if possible, that they ever existed. And then, when it is expunged, the church will stand out clear on the broad prohibition of the general rule, which interdicts all enslaving, and the Methodist Episcopal Church will be just what it was when it was first founded, and just what every true abolitionist could wish it to be. Abolitionists do not require any new thing to be done, but simply to undo that which has been constitutionally done. Our church was founded right; let us amend the administration, and keep her right.

In a former number, it was said that slavery was doomed. It is so. God is raising up instrumentalities for its destruction, from various quarters. And a new thing under the sun has been originated for this purpose. A laudable attempt has been made to unite all Christians in the bonds of affection. The object has been seized as the harbinger of the latter day of glory; but slavery, the great disturber of all that is pure and holy, has interfered, and threatens the failure of the whole plan. The attempt of some, in the Evangelical Alliance, to bring about a union with slaveholders into the fellowship of saints, will ultimately tend to bring out more of the truth in regard to slavery, and to show more and more of its entire incongruity with true Christianity. The pure, elevated sensibility which real religion always engenders, will, in despite of every species of sophistry, shrink back from an affectionate association with those who degrade and chastize the image of God. Already the moral sense of Christendom is pressing the leaders in the noble enterprise, to avow, explicitly, their sentiments on slavery. One of them, I think Dr. Wardlaw, of Scotland, says, "The American brethren are on trial. If they receive slaveholders, the Alliance is not responsible for it. But when they present themselves for union, if they have that cursed spot, then it will be a matter for the Alliance." For one, the Dr. says, "he would spurn the hand that would fellowship slaveholders."

He would say, Amicus Paton, Amicus Cox, of Amicus comes, sed magis Amicus Libertas. This is, liberty before all these; and to this noble sentiment millions will respond on this side of the great water. For liberty and purity are the only true basis on which any association of Christians can ever permanently remain.

If the Alliance settles down on a basis truly doctrinal, without regard to the morals of Christianity, it will not be worth much. Such an iceberg, however clear and pure it may appear, can never warm and animate the church, or the world, to love and good works. Real religion has feeling and affection in it; the love of Christ constrains Christians to the highest and holiest achievements. A cold, heartless intellectualism, may suit moralists, philosophers, and sentimentalists, but it will never be received by the great body of Christians, who profess to have souls and affections. Why, I do not see why the Devil could not join an Alliance that is merely intellectual and doctrinal, for, no doubt, he is both intelligent and orthodox, and even believes and trembles in consequence of them.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, that the Alliance is to receive slaveholders, discriminating, at the same time, between those who hold them for the good of the slave, and those who hold them for their own individual benefit. But who is to determine this delicate question? Are triers to be appointed by the Alliance, or inquirers to elicit the truth from the masters? Or is one slaveholder to testify for the master of another? If it is left to the slaveholders themselves, there will not be one of them, from the most indolgent master, to the veriest negro trader, whose daily business is that of separating families, husbands, wives, and children, and scattering them from Maryland to Mexico, who will not tell the Alliance that they respectfully hold slaves, and trade in them, for the good of the slaves themselves. They will be philanthropists, in their own estimation. The one feels well, moves moderately, and is very kind. The other removes the slaves from the worn-out lands of Virginia and Maryland, to the rich, alluvial soil of the Mississippi; and even the kidnapper and foreign trader will be found to say that they are engaged in a good work, in removing savages from benighted Africa to enlightened America, where they may become free, polished, and intelligent Christians.

Now, if this should prove to be the basis of the Alliance, it seems to me to be worse than trifling with a most momentous question, which involves not only the liberty of millions, but the purity and integrity of our common Christianity. The moral sense of the public seems to be sickened and saddened, with such pretending distinctions—freedom making us practically more injurious to freedom and religion, than the setting forth of the most pro-slavery doctrines. The truth is, every slaveholder, whether he be innocent or guilty in the sight of God, while he holds his slaves, maintains a wrong position—a position in which he gives to the entire system, with all its accursed accompaniments of whipping, trading, and kidnapping, its very best support, and the more moral worth he is esteemed to have, the better support he can, and does give, to slavery. And every one that fellowship him, must necessarily fellowship and endorse all that he sustains and supports.

But while the ministers of the gospel are writing and talking in this way, slavery is luxuriating, infidelity is laughing, and thousands of the poor, ignorant, and wicked slaves, are cursing the Bible and Christianity, which, they are taught, allows and sanctions their oppression.

The Alliance must take higher, holier ground, or else, I fear, with all their noble intentions, it will become, practically, a minister of discord and sin. But yet the Lord Omnipotent reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the isles, let the immense peninsula of Africa, with the millions of her scattered children, be glad:—For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from all that he putteth at him. Let it be so, and let all the people of the United States say, Amen.

D. DE VINNE.

New Castle, N. Y., April 14.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

There are times when encouragement should be extended to the worthy. There are seasons when it is a healing cordial to the spirits; and when, if withheld, the spirits droop and die. The warm sunshine, and bright rays of heaven, are not more indispensable to the vegetable creation, than encouragement to the human heart. There may be one, here and there, who can survive without it, as there is, here and there, a species in the floral world, that can blossom upon the rock, or in the desert. And there are none, but in the formation of human character, need the storms of affliction to mature it, as the oak of the forest needs to be withered and shaken by the storms of heaven. But life must not be all a storm; there must be, at least, moments of encouragement, in which the manner can sometimes escape the fury, and find repose. O, how many, for the want of these inviting havens, have gone down in discouragement! How many have sunk beneath the waves of despair, who might have been rescued by a befriending arm! How often have buds of promise been blasted by discouragement's chill breath; and how often have others, which have blossomed with beauty, beneath the smiles of that sunlight of the soul, sickened and died, when encouragement was withheld! Go, then, and cheer thy brethren; especially the younger, toiling up the acclivity of life. If thou canst lend him no other aid, go and stand in his pathway, and speak encouraging words!

INDIAN PIETY.

M'Kenney, in his late work upon the "Origin, history, character," &c. of the Indians, gives the following instances of deep piety, and correct moral principle in two chiefs, as illustrative of the susceptibility of the Indian mind, of high moral and religious culture.

Who has not heard of the famous Oneida chief, Skennadoh? He whose pathway, for sixty years, had been marked with blood; whose war-whoop had resounded through many a terrified settlement, and until the regions of the Mohawk rang with it; and who was, in all respects, the cruel, the indomitable savage. One would suppose that his habits, stiffened by so long a period of indulgence, could not be easily, if at all, softened and reformed; that the spirit of the warrior, having become so long indulged in the practices so congenial to the feelings of the savage, could not be subdued, and made to conform to all that is gentle, and peaceful, and pious. But all this was effected in the person of this chief. He was awakened under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, and became a convert to the faith of the Christian. The tomahawk, the war-club, and the scalping knife fell from his grasp; the desolations which he had produced he mourned over; he saw, in his mythology, nothing but chimeras; he was penitent, and was forgiven. Nor did he ever abandon the faith he had adopted, but continued a peaceful, faithful, and devoted Christian, until his death, which occurred when he was over a hundred years old.

A while previous to his death, a friend, calling to see him, and inquiring after his health, received this answer, (which most of you, doubtless, have heard.) "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top, (referring to his blindness.) Why I yet live, the great God knows. When I am dead, bury me by the side of my mother and friend, at the great resurrection!" He was accordingly so buried, and I have seen his tomb.

Another case was that of Kuskick, chief of the Tuscaroras. He was also an Indian, and had served under La Fayette, in the army of the Revolution. It was usual for him, in company with a few of his leading men, to visit, once or twice a year, the State of North Carolina, whence this tribe originally came, to see after some claims they had upon that State. In passing through Washington, the old chief would call at my office, for the purpose of submitting his papers, and of counselling with me. On one of these occasions, he made a call before breakfast, at my residence, accompanied by his companions. A neighbor had stepped in to see

me, on his way to his office, and our conversation turned to Lady Morgan's France, which had been just then published, and was lying on my table. We spoke of La Fayette. The moment his name was mentioned, Kuskick turned quick upon me his fine black eyes, and asked, with great earnestness—

"Is he yet alive? The same La Fayette that was in the revolutionary war?"

"Yes, Kuskick," I answered, "he is alive; and he is the same La Fayette who was in that war. That book speaks of him as being not only alive, but looking well and hearty."

He said, with deep emphasis, "I am glad to hear it."

"Then you knew La Fayette, Kuskick?"

"O yes," he answered, "I knew him well; and many a time in the battle, I threw myself between him and the bullets—for I loved him."

"Were you in commission?"

"O yes," he replied, "I was a lieutenant; General Washington gave me a commission."

My friend (who was the late venerable Joseph Nourse, at that time Register of the Treasury) and myself agreed to examine the records, and see if the old chief was not entitled to a pension. We (or rather he) did so. All was found to be as Kuskick had reported it; when he was put on the pension list.

Some years after, in 1827, when passing through the Tuscarora reserve, on my way to the wilderness, I stopped opposite his cabin, and walked up to see the old chief. I found him engaged drying fish. After the usual greeting, I asked if he continued to receive his pension.

"No," said the old chief, "no; Congress passed a law making it necessary for me to swear I could not live without it. Now here is my little log-cabin, and it is my own; here is my patch, where I can raise corn, and beans, and pumpkins; and there's Lake Oneida, where I can catch fish. With these I can make out to live without the pension; and to say I could not, would be to lie to the Great Spirit!"

Here was principle, and deep piety; and a lesson for many whose advantages had far exceeded those of this poor Indian. In connection with this, I will add another anecdote, in proof of his veneration for the Deity. He breakfasted with me on the morning to which I have referred; and knowing him to be a teacher of the Christian religion among his people, and an interpreter for those who occasionally preached to them, I requested him to ask a blessing. He did so, and in a manner so impressive, as to make me feel that he was deeply imbued with the proper spirit. He employed in the ceremony his native Tuscarora. I asked him why, as he spoke very good English, he had asked the blessing in his native tongue? He said, "When I speak English, I am often at a loss for a word. When, therefore, I speak to the Great Spirit, I do not like to be perplexed, or have my mind distracted, to look after a word. When I use my own language, it is like my breath; I am composed." Kuskick died an honest man and a Christian; and though an Indian, has doubtless entered into his rest.

THE YORKSHIRE WEAVER;

OR, TERMS USED IN WAR.

PRAYER.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

It was my happiness to spend a week in the beautiful vale of Todmorton, in Yorkshire, Eng., preaching daily in the surrounding chapels. On one occasion, I spoke of the various methods which God is pleased to bless in bringing sinners to himself, and raising up missionaries; and in particular, mentioned family prayer. This led the interesting individual whose short history I am about to relate, to call on me. He was a plain, sensible, kind-hearted man, and spoke the broad Yorkshire dialect. I do not know if he is yet alive; but when I saw him, his hair was as black as a raven, his cheek bloomed with health, and his eye was like a rainbow—the tears and the sunbeams sparkled in it.

After we had conversed for some time, on various subjects, at my request he related the following particulars:

I was born near the edge of yonder lofty hill. My father occupied a small farm, on which the family used to work during the summer months, and in the winter we all wore cloths, for our own use, and for the market. There was no church near us, and we grew up in great spiritual darkness. The Sabbath was our holiday, which we generally spent in playing at cricket or football. In this state I remained until I was about twenty years of age, when one winter evening I rambled down from the edge of the mountain, to call on a neighbor who lived a few fields below. He was a man that feared God, and was accustomed to have morning and evening prayer with his family. When the usual hour had arrived for the household to assemble, he said to me in our dialect, "John, ha, mun stop to family prayer!" I consented. A chapter was read, and he and his wife and children fell upon their knees, while I, as it was no business of mine, sat still and looked on. But I assure you, sir, I felt very strangely. I never felt so before. As soon as it was over, I left them, without saying a word, and went to my father's house. But the scene I had witnessed could not be forgotten. I was struck to the heart! As I ascended the side of the hill, I thought, this man surely believed in God! This is what I have never done, but it is what I ought to do!

"I hardly knew what to do, and I went to bed as usual, without prayer. But it was the last night I ever did so. Almost the first thing that came into my thoughts when I awoke, was my neighbor's family prayer. At the proper hour, I went to my room, and commenced working, but I could not go on as I felt as if my heart would break; and I was forced to cover my work with a handkerchief, lest the piece which I was weaving should be injured by my tears. I longed for night to return, that I might go down to my neighbor's house, and hear the family prayer he did so; and as a kind Providence would have it, my neighbor again asked me to stop to family prayer. This was just what I wished. Nothing could have pleased me so much. So the great book was brought, and the good man read, and they all fell upon their knees. I did not kneel with them; but, O, what I felt! As soon as they arose, I immediately left the house, without saying a word, and hastened home. As I was going up the hill, I felt as if I must pray that moment; but there was no shed into which I could enter and kneel down, and the snow was so thick upon the ground; so I walked on. But my conscience would not let me proceed. At my room I said, 'Go to prayer; seek the Lord; cry for mercy; begin at once!' I pulled a large stone from the hedge, and placed it on the snow; and there, on that stone, I first knelt down, and called upon God."

Reader! look at him for a moment. There he is on his knees! "Behold, he prayeth!" Yes, he is on the snow for a carpet, and a stone for his cushion, and the heavens for a canopy, and the stars—there he prays, and angels for his attendants—on my soul! O, what a night was that for my friend! It will be remembered with rapture after the moon has turned into blood, and the stars have withdrawn their shining.

From that day, the weaver became a praying man; and when I first knew him he had been twenty years a deacon of a Christian church, and was well known as one of the most active, zealous, and exemplary servants of Christ in the neighborhood. I inquired as to his progress in a religious life, and he replied, "My ignorance of divine

things was so great, that I knew not what to do. I had not been a drunkard, nor a swearer, nor had I kept company with loose young men; but I had been living without God. All my plans, and habits, and thoughts, and desires, had been against this world, and never rose higher; but now all things were become new. I was afraid to open my mouth about it, but I could tell him all. My father had a barn, that became my favorite retreat. That was my house of prayer, and it was indeed the gate of heaven to my soul. Often, often have I entered into that barn, and shut the door, and kneeled and prayed to the Father, who seeth in secret, and he richly rewarded me. My enjoyment was very great, sometimes it was joy unspeakable and full of glory; but it was not always so. No! there was sometimes much darkness in my mind, and Satan took advantage of it, and greatly harassed me.

"But the Bible is full of encouragement to a soul oppressed with guilt; and as my knowledge of that sacred book increased, so did my peace and joy; and I have often thought that God intended, by bringing me through these deep-laden sinners, to prepare me to speak a word to heavy-laden sinners. It often falls to my lot now, in my visits to the sick, and in conversing with candidates for admission into the church, to meet with people under 'soul-trouble,' and I have always a word for them; and I never meet with any so completely dark as I was."

I have heard from his minister of his knowledge of the Scriptures, and of his gift in prayer; and now, as I heard from his own lips his insight into the devices of Satan, and his intimate acquaintance with the human heart, I could not but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in raising up men in every situation of life to direct the anxious inquiring sinner to that Savior who says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Family prayer was a duty he often inculcated, urging those who felt its importance, but feared to engage in it, to begin, relying on Divine aid, for then obstacles vanished.

This service constituted the charm of his own domestic circle; for he had conscientiously regarded the apostolic injunction, to "marry only in the Lord." O, who can tell the delight and refreshment of those hours when a family bow at the altar of God—the mother reads, the children sing, the father prays, and all devoutly join in words! "Thy like a little heaven below." We commended each other to God by prayer, and shook hands, and parted, in the joyful expectation of meeting again in heaven.

Reader, are you training up a family for the judgment, without family prayer?

Do you regard the eternal welfare of the souls of domestics under your charge?

Are there those far from God around you, and can you not, by inviting them to join in family worship, or by other means, do something for their salvation?—Rev. R. Knill.

THE PILLAGED CITY;

OR, TERMS USED IN WAR.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

What a continual holiday of the heart, what an unceasing jubilee of the spirit, would it be, if mankind would always dwell together in peace and love! But the time is not yet. While sin abides, sorrow will never die; and therefore, though our paths are thronged with countless mercies, we must not expect them to abound with thornless flowers.

That it is an advantage, nay, a duty, to look on the sunny side of things, is clear; and yet there are so many sources of grief and distress, that a thinking man can hardly avoid, now and then, walking in the shade, afflicting himself with regret, and shrouding his spirit with melancholy reflections.

I was musing, the other day, on the many forms of expression that we meet with, and read over, without emotion, as things of course, though they involve every thing that is dreadful to human nature. Among them, I was calling to mind some of the phrases which are used in reference to war. There is, in many of these, such a brevity and careless ease, that we hardly seem required to pause upon them. "The troops were driven into the river." "The town was taken by storm." "The garrison were put to sword." "The city was given up to pillage." "The place was burned to the ground." These light and tripping phrases are common-place in military despatches; and yet, what fearful excesses, what dreadful sufferings they involve!

Let us take one of them, and for a moment examine its real significance. True it is, we are now at peace; but a calm is often succeeded by an unexpected storm, and the quietude of Vesuvius is followed by the loud bellowing of the burning mountain. Peace and war depend much on the public mind, and of that public we all form a part; it may be well, therefore, to keep alive within us that hatred, which a review of the cruel excesses of war is calculated to inspire. Let us take, for our examination, the expression, "The city was given up to pillage."

Those who have read much of scenes of warfare, will know that the miseries which war has exceeded the reality of the miseries which war has generally produced. The narratives of La Bume, and Porter, Wilson, Segur, Dufieu, and others, bring to our view such extravagant scenes of calamity and cruelty, such displays of horrible enormity, that we wonder why mankind do not, with one united and universal cry of abhorrence, exclaim against the practice and principle of heart-hardening and demoralizing war.

But let it not be thought that I have any pleasure in blackening the reputation of a soldier; neither would I presumptuously brand the brow of him who differs with me in opinion; but feeling, I do, that the word of God, the word of peace, and that war is a bitter war; and, as I do, how thoughtlessly we receive and retain the opinions of those around us, right or wrong, I claim the liberty of free speech, while I endeavor to excite more consideration and sympathy among the advocates of war, than is usually manifested by them.

"The city was given up to pillage."—What is the real meaning of the term, Giving up a place to pillage?—for it explains itself so fully, that it may be worth while, for once, if it be only for the sake of impressing it on our memories, to give ourselves familiar with the signification, as explained by past experience. When a fortified soldier are given free leave and liberty to indulge, without restraint, their selfish, brutal, and cruel passions, in plundering, burning, and destroying the property of unoffending people, and in ill-using, maiming, and murdering them, without control. This is the plain meaning, so far as we can gather it from the most authentic records of the occurrences which have taken place in cases of the kind. Indeed it must be so; for, in giving armed and revengeful soldiers permission to pillage, you give them leave to take, by force, the property of those who, naturally enough, will make a struggle to retain it; the consequences are inevitable, and strife is succeeded by bloodshed. How fearful, then, is the expression, "The city was given up to pillage!" The enormity of giving up a city to pillage is not seen or felt, when we read of it as taking place in a distant part of the world; it comes not home "to our business and bosoms;" it would do, were the occurrence to take place un-

der our observation; but rapine and murder are crimes, wherever they are practiced, and pain and heart-rending calamity are as hard to endure in one part of the world as in another.

"The city was given up to pillage." There can be no harm in applying this to the immediate town or city in which we dwell; the place wherein we possess property, and where those who are dear to us, as the ruddy drops that warm our hearts; and here let one accuse me as too unpathetic to a real one! Surely, if a monster affrights us not, we should not be scared at his shadow! What I have read of the pages of war, fare has wrung from my very spirit a strong sympathy for the victims of violence, and called forth an urgent and irrepresible desire to excite the same sympathy in others. Let me, then, pour my course.

For a moment, let me suppose the roaring cannon to have brought down our church spires; to have broken in the walls and roofs of our habitations; and that bomb shells, and shells without number on fire, and spread confusion and ruin. All at once the thundering of the cannon ceases; the bombs and rockets are no longer seen in the air, and a new and more dreadful plague spreads abroad. Wild and savage yells are heard, with the rattle of iron hoofs, and trampling of hurried feet. Bands of armed men, on foot and on horseback, burst in, like a resistless torrent, among us. Doors are smashed, windows broken. Here, others dash the jugs or the bottles, lit with fire with brutal passions, drunkenness, revenge, and fury, they wallow in pollution, and deal around their desolation and death.

Household furniture is destroyed. Cabinets, bureaus, and boxes are broken to pieces. Jewels, money, curiosities, and clothing are huddled together, to be carried away. Paintings are rent, sculpture mutilated, inscriptions defaced; and family records, love tokens, and gifts of friendship are torn, trampled, and burned. Oaths and blasphemies resound, riot and debauchery are every where seen, with the wildest forms of cruelty and death.

A father has borne all, grinding his teeth in agony! He has seen the wreck of his property, the destruction of his worldly goods; but, when the lawless hand of the ruffian soldier lays hold on his family, he can bear no more; starting up in their defence, and seemingly with more than mortal energy, he attacks his enemies. It is in vain! A dozen bayonets bear him to the ground; and while he draws his last gasp, his life welling from his wounds, he drinks in the agonizing shrieks of those who are dearest to him, calling uselessly for his aid.

His wife struggles hopelessly in the savage grasp of the abandoned ruffian, to preserve her babe. Alas! it is in vain! She is slaughtered, and mother and child lie bleeding on the ground; while the cruel jaws, and mad merriment of their hard-hearted murderers, echo through the desolated mansion.

Nor is this a solitary scene. The same demagogue-like career is carried on throughout the city, for the place "is given up to pillage." No mercy is shown, and neither youth, beauty, wisdom, age, the infant, nor the hoary-headed, meet with compassion. Rapine, brutality, murder, and conflagration are abroad.

Reader, this is the meaning of a city "being given up to pillage." Are you not called on, then, to resist, with every power you possess, that spirit of warfare which tolerates such enormities? O